



and

CHARLES STARRETT *as*

10¢

DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

No. 19



KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

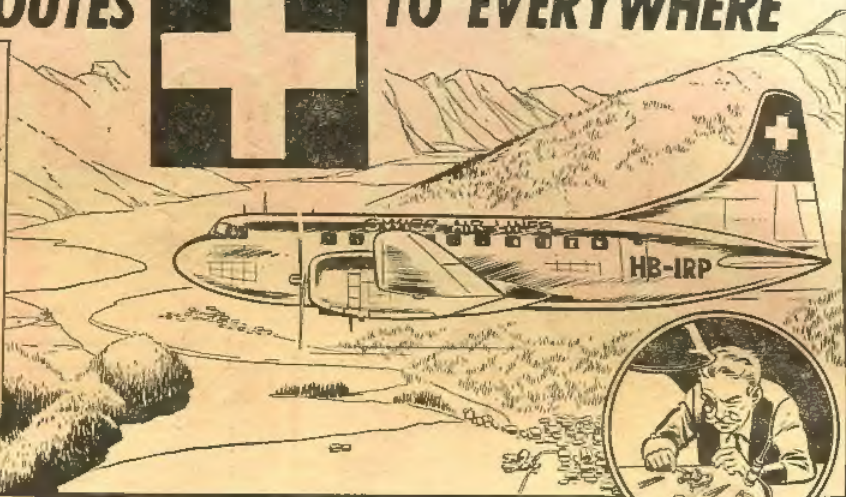
PRECISION ROUTES



TO EVERYWHERE

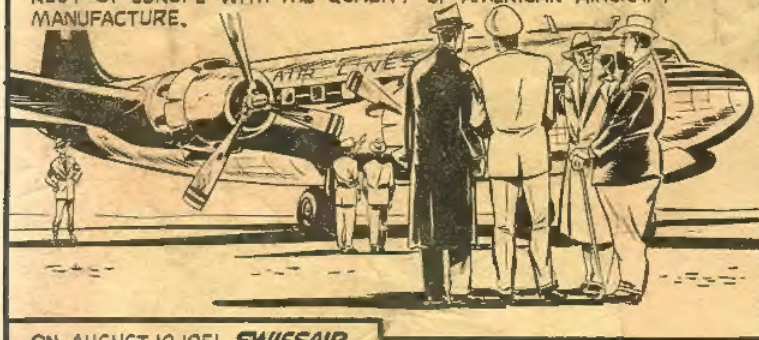
SWISSAIR, SWITZERLAND'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE, MIRRORS THE SOLID CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT STURDY ALPINE NATION. FOR OVER TEN GENERATIONS, THE SWISS HAVE HAD A REPUTATION FOR MAKING AND SERVICING PRECISION PRODUCTS EQUALLED BY FEW AND SURPASSED BY NONE.

THE SAME TECHNICAL SKILL AND MECHANICAL APTITUDE THAT PRODUCES THE WORLD'S BEST WATCHES HAS GONE INTO THE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE OF **SWISSAIR'S** SUPERB AIR TRANSPORT SYSTEM...



AS A COMPANY, **SWISSAIR** IS OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT IN ITS OPERATIONS IT DRAWS ON OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION. INHERITING THE EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL OF THE **AD ASTRA** AIRLINE WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1919 IN ZURICH AND OF **BALAIR**, FOUNDED IN 1925 IN BASEL, **SWISSAIR** WAS BORN THROUGH THE FUSION OF THESE TWO COMPANIES IN 1931.

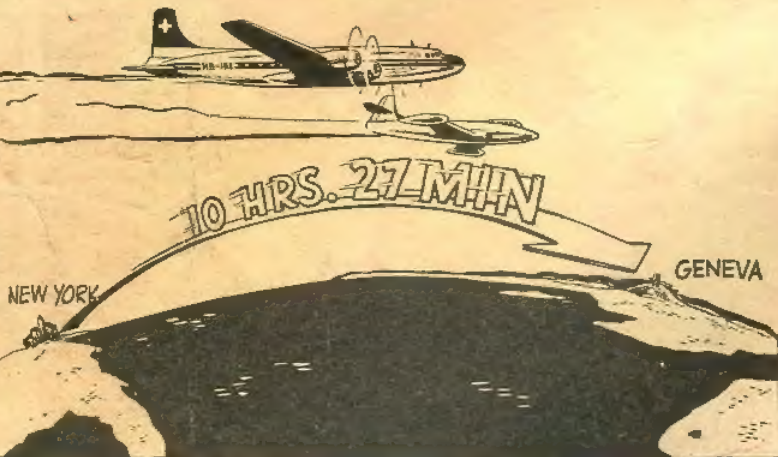
SWISSAIR WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO USE AN AMERICAN-BUILT PLANE, THE LOCKHEED "ORION" IN 1932. LATER, THE COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO USE THE DOUGLAS DC-2 AND DC-3. THUS **SWISSAIR** HAS ASSISTED IN ACQUAINTING SWITZERLAND AND THE REST OF EUROPE WITH THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURE.



TYPICAL OF **SWISSAIR'S** THOROUGHNESS IS THE RECENT INSTANCE WHERE THE COMPANY INTERVIEWED AND TESTED 300 APPLICANTS IN ORDER TO SELECT JUST THIRTY HOSTESSES FOR TRAINING.



ON AUGUST 19, 1951, **SWISSAIR** ADDED THE DOUGLAS DC-6B TO THEIR TRANSATLANTIC SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ZURICH, CUTTING THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THESE CITIES TO A NEW LOW OF 14 HOURS. **SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST CARRIER TO USE THESE PLANES OVER THE ATLANTIC; AND ON JANUARY 31, 1952, A **SWISSAIR** DC-6B SET A NEW WORLD FLYING RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND GENEVA—10 HOURS AND 27 MINUTES. THE **SWISSAIR** DC-6B ALSO SET A NEW OCEAN-CROSSING RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT—4 HOURS AND 36 MINUTES—ONLY 17 MINUTES SHORT OF THE FASTEST CROSSING TO DATE, RECENTLY MADE BY A JET PLANE.



the DURANGO KID



IT'S HARD TO SEE FOR GUNSMOKE WHEN STEVE BRAND AND HIS SIDEKICK MULEY PIKE GRAB IRON AGAINST THIS KILLER BROOD! BUSHWHACKERS SPOOK THE TRAIL, CUTTHROATS HAUNT THE NIGHT, AND DEATH WEARS A TRICKY DISGUISE... REASON A-PLENTY FOR THE DURANGO KID TO "RIDE HARD, SHOOT FAST!"

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

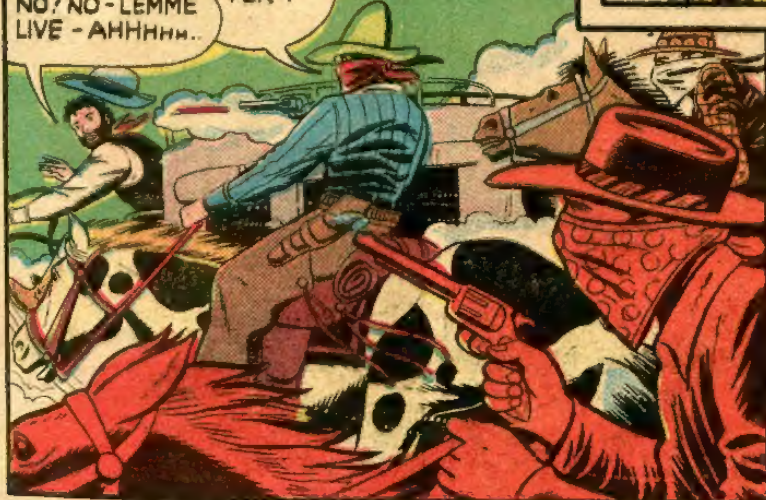
PLENTY OF REASON FOR ACTION WHEN THIS HAPPENS...

AGHHH! THEY GOT ME, MIKE! THEY GOT ME - I-I'M GONE TUH GLORY... AHHHHHH...

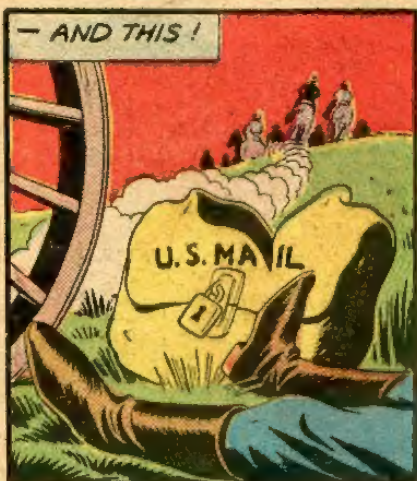
AN' I G-GUESS I'LL SOON BE JOININ' YUH, JIM-(GULP!)



... AND THIS...! WHUT FER? NO! NO-LEMME LIVE - AHHHHH...



- AND THIS!



THE DURANGO KID

LATER, NOT FAR AWAY...

THOSE ROAD AGENTS BIT OFF MORE THAN THEY COULD CHEW WHEN THEY LOOTED THE U.S. MAI LS ! THIS IS A GOVERNMENT MATTER NOW - AND I'M SENDING YOU TWO IN THERE TO INVESTIGATE ! YOU'LL REPORT TO SHERIFF OLSEN AT BLOODY FORK...

RIGHT!



STEVE AND MULEY TRAVEL FAST...

DEPUTY MARSHALLS STEVE BRAND AND MULEY PIKE, REPORTING IN TO HELP CATCH THOSE ROAD AGENTS, SHERIFF OLSEN !

I'M SHORE GLAD TUH SEE YOU BOYS ! I GOTTA ALLOW THET THEM OWLHOOTS GOT ME AN' MUH DEPUTIES UP A TREE !



MEBBE NOW THET YOU BOYS IS HYAR, WE'LL GIT SOME ACTION !

I SURE HOPE SO, SHERIFF. I'M COUNTING ON YOUR HELP, TOO.



ACTION ISN'T LONG IN COMING ! THAT NIGHT - IN THE BUNKHOUSE ...

NOW WHAT WOKE ME UP LIKE THIS ?... SOME SIXTH SENSE - I COULD SWEAR I HEARD SOMETHING...



SHHHHH ! THIS GOTTA BEA SILENT JOB, MEN... !



GOT 'EM !

EASY AS PIE !





WHUT THUH—!
THEY AIN'T NOBODY
HYAR!



LOOKING
FOR US?

RATS ALLUS COME
OUT AT NIGHT,
STEVE!



LET'S GIT
OUTA HYAR—
FAST!

WHAT—
LEAVING SO
SOON?

YEAH, STAY
AROUND A WHILE
AN' WATCH THUH
FUN!



THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!
AFTER 'EM!

NIX, I AIN'T RUNNIN' OUT THAR
IN MUH BARE FEET! HELP ME
HOLD ONTUH THIS ONE!



A GUN BARKS IN THE NIGHT...



... AND HORSES' HOOFES CLATTER INTO THE DISTANCE !

HE'S GONE LIMP—
THAT SHOT...!

THUH NO-GOOD, BACK KNIFIN'
VARMINTS SHOT THEIR
OWN MAN!

THE DURANGO KID



HE'S DEAD!

WHUT HAPPENED? WHUT'S ALL THUH SHOOTIN'? WHUT- OH-OH!

YUH SEE WHUT WE'RE UP AGAINST? THEM ROAD AGENTS IS TOUGH AN' SMART! I'M ALWAYS TOO LATE -AN' I ONLY FIND DEAD MEN WHO CAN'T TALK!



NEXT MORNING...

SHORE HOPE YUH FIND SOMETHIN', BOYS!

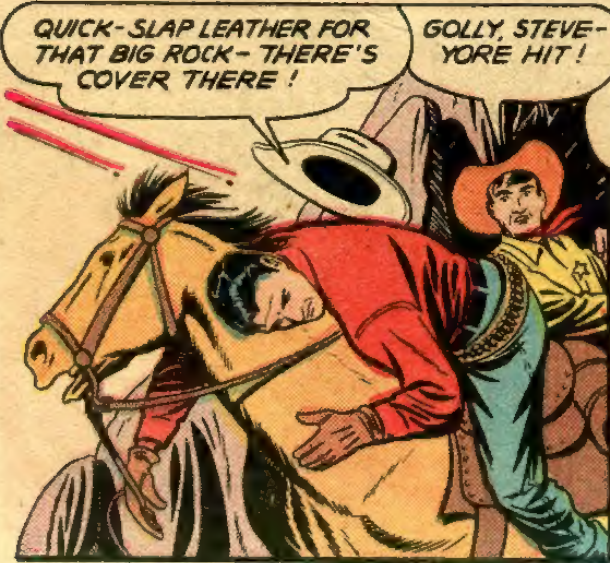
WE'RE GOING TO RIDE UP INTO THE HILLS FOR A LITTLE WHILE, SHERIFF - JUST TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND.



WONDER IF YOU NOTICED OLSEN LAST NIGHT, MULEY? I CAN UNDERSTAND A MAN PULLING ON HIS PANTS WHEN HE JUMPS OUT OF BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...



...BUT IT'S MIGHTY QUEER WHEN HE COMES OUT IN SHOES AND SOCKS - WITH HIS SHOELACES TIED! HEY! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT US!



QUICK - SLAP LEATHER FOR THAT BIG ROCK - THERE'S COVER THERE!

GOLLY, STEVE-YORE HIT!



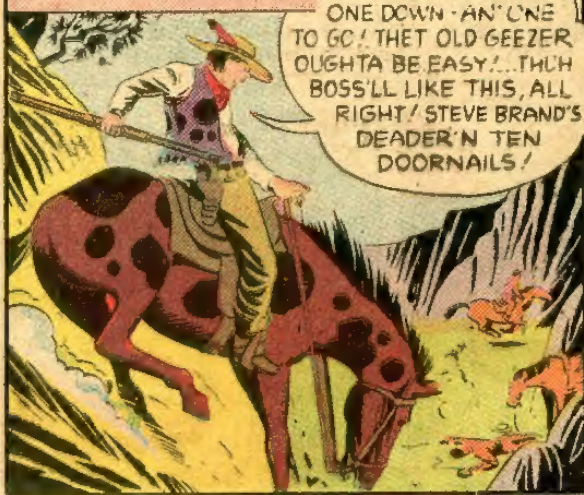
BUT-BEHIND THE COVER OF THE ROCK...

NOT EVEN SCRATCHED, OLD TIMER! I JUST FAKED THAT - LET THAT BUSHWHACKER THINK HE GOT ME! YOU KEEP SLAPPING LEATHER AWAY FROM HERE - LET HIM CHASE YOU!

RIGHT! BUT YUH SHORE HAD ME HORNSWOGGLED FER A MINUTE!

THE DURANGO KID

THE BUSHWHACKER SEES MULEY EMERGE FROM COVER, RIDING ALONE...



ONE DOWN - AN' ONE TO GO! THET OLD GEEZER OUGHTA BE EASY!...THUH BOSS'LL LIKE THIS, ALL RIGHT! STEVE BRAND'S DEADER'N TEN DOORNAILS!

BUT...AS THE BUSHWHACKER RIDES PAST, THE "DEAD MAN" COMES SUDDENLY TO LIFE!



DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY, MISTER - STOP AND TALK AWHILE!

I GOT NOTHIN' TUH SAY TUH YOU! THET A SIX-GUN WON'T SAY BETTER!



I CAN TALK THAT LANGUAGE TOO, HOMBRE! BLAZES - MY GUN - IT FELL OUT!

THEN THIS'LL BE EASIER'N I THOUGHT! - CHEW BULLETS, BRAND - AHHHHH...



EF I COULD SHOOT LIKE YOU, STEVIE, I'DA SHOT THUH GUN OUTA HIS HAND BUT I JEST COULDN'T TAKE THUH CHANCT!

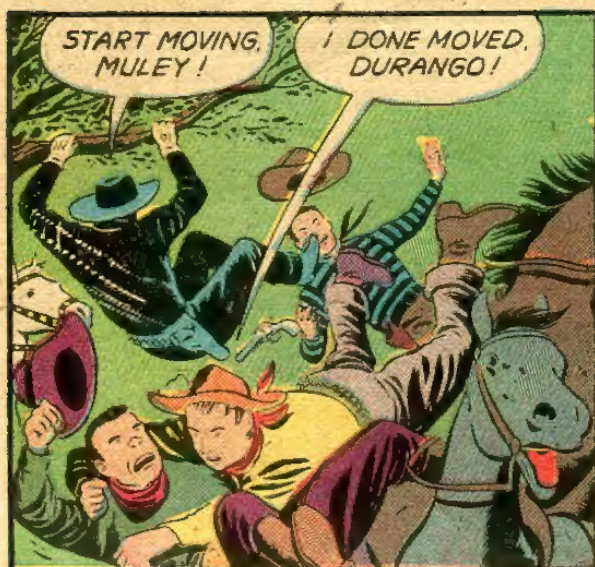


ONCE AGAIN - A DEAD MAN WHO CAN'T TALK! NOW, HOW ARE WE GOING TO MAKE THE LEADER OF THIS OUTFIT SHOW HIS HAND?

I'M GOING TO ACT ON A HUNCH, MULEY. MY DURANGO OUTFIT IS NEARBY AND I'LL USE IT. NOW, LET'S TAKE MY SHIRT AND PUT IT ON THIS DEAD HOMBRE. THEN...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

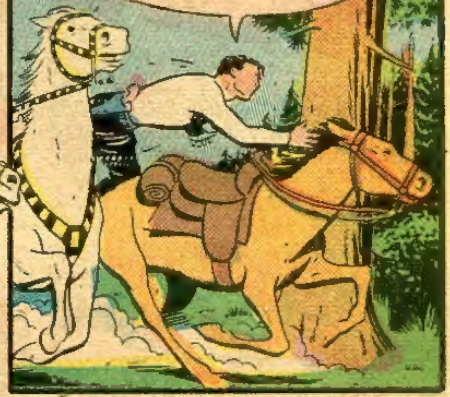
JUST WHAT I WANT HIM TO DO, MULEY! KEEP THOSE HOMBRES COVERED-I'M SHOVING OFF!



BETTER GET THIS SHIRT AND MASK OFF WHILE I RIDE. SURE HOPE NOBODY ELSE SEES THIS QUICK CHANGE!



AND NOW- STEVE BRAND COMES BACK TO LIFE. IT'S A GOOD THING I KEEP AN EXTRA SHIRT IN MY SADDLE-ROLL. BACK TO THE HIDEOUT, RAIDER-GO, BOY!



A FEW MINUTES OF HARD RIDING, AND...

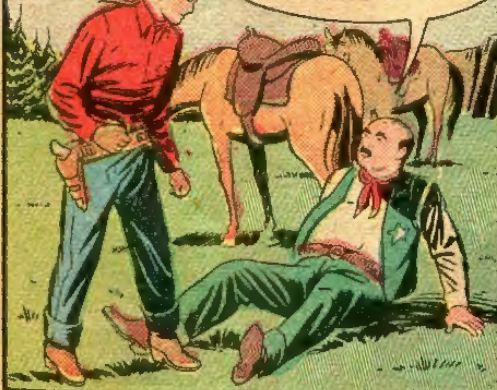
S-S-S-STEVE BRAND! BUT YUH'RE (GULP!) DAID!



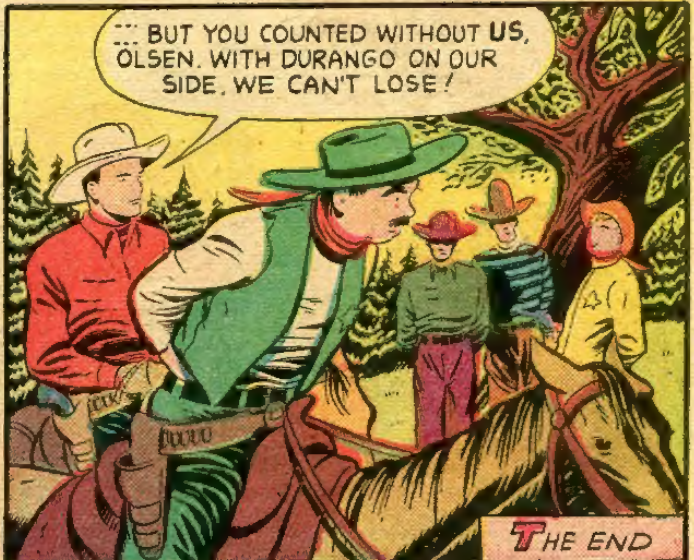
IS THAT SO? BUT PLENTY ACTIVE, THOUGH- WOULDN'T YOU SAY, OLSEN?



NO! NO! I'LL TELL EVERYTHIN'! I'M THUH HEAD O' THET GANG O' ROAD-AGENTS AN' MUH DEPUTIES IS IN IT WITH ME. I THOUGHT, BEIN' SHERIFF, I COULD GIT AWAY WITH IT...



... BUT YOU COUNTED WITHOUT US, OLSEN. WITH DURANGO ON OUR SIDE, WE CAN'T LOSE!



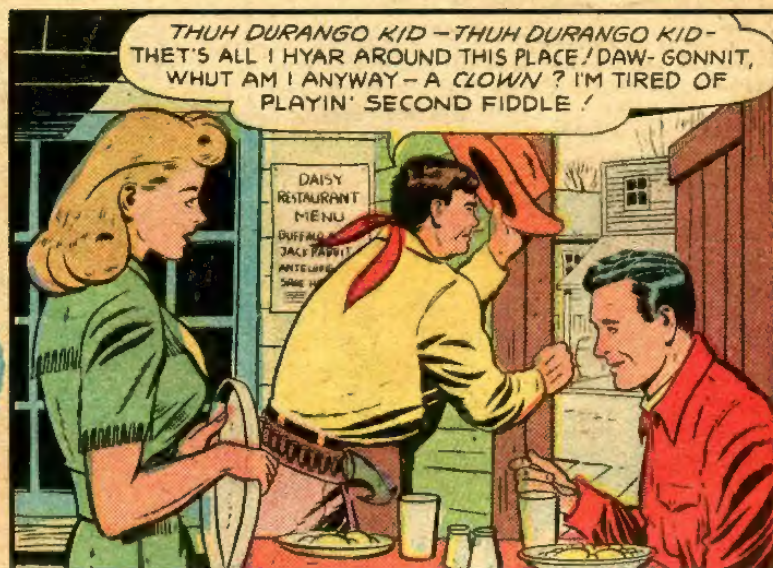
THE END

The DURANGO KID

MULEY PIKE'S FIRST TROUBLE IS WOMEN-AND THE SECOND IS A GUNSLICK GANG! THE THIRD DISASTER COMES WHEN A WELL-LAID PLAN FOR GLORY EXPLODES IN MULEY'S FACE LIKE AN APRIL FOOL CIGAR

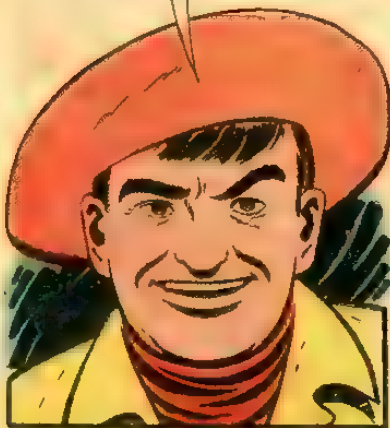
IN
"TRIPLE TROUBLE"

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER



THE DURANGO KID

HEY! I GOTTA IDEA!
JUMPIN' DOGIES, I RECKON I KNOW
HOW TUH MAKE MYSELF A **HERO**
IN MILLY'S COW-BROWN EYES!



LATER, BEHIND THE STABLE...

SO HOW ABOUT IT, MEN? YOU PUT ON MASKS
AND PURTEND TUH HOLD UP THUH RESTAURANT
THEN I COME WADIN' IN WITH MUH SHOOTIN'
IRONS - SHOOTIN' **BLANKS** O' COURSE!

ANYTHIN' TUH HELP
OUT A PAL, MULEY.
BUT WHUT 'BOUT
SCOTTY? HE OWNS
THUH
RESTAURANT...



DONTCHA WORRY 'BOUT SCOTTY. HE'S MUH PAL,
TOO. I'LL FIX IT UP WITH HIM

YIPPEE -
THIS IS GONNA
BE **FUN!**



WAL, DAKOTA
THIS SHORE LOOKS
LIKE A SET-UP
JOB!

SOMEBODY'S GONNA
BE **REAL** SURPRISED! I
BETTER GO GIT IDAHO
OUTA THUH SALOON - WE'LL
NEED **THREE** GUYS
FER THIS JOB!



**AND - A SHORT TIME LATER, JUST BEFORE THE
SCHEDULED "ROBBERY..."**

OKAY, BOYS - THEM GEEZERS
WUZ EASY NOW LET'S AMBLE OVER
TUH THUH RESTAURANT

DON'T FERGIT
YORE
HANDKER-
CHIEF!



MULEY, IN FOR A LATE CUP OF COFFEE, IS THE ONLY
CUSTOMER IN THE RESTAURANT - AS HE PLANNED.

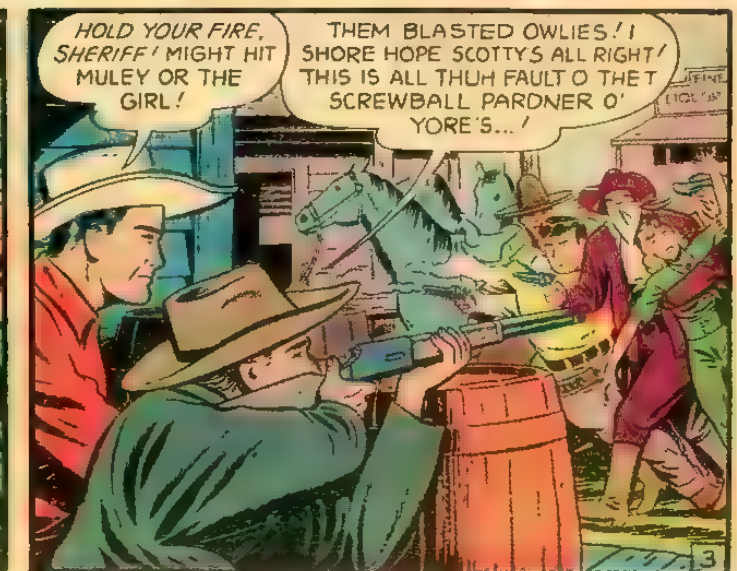
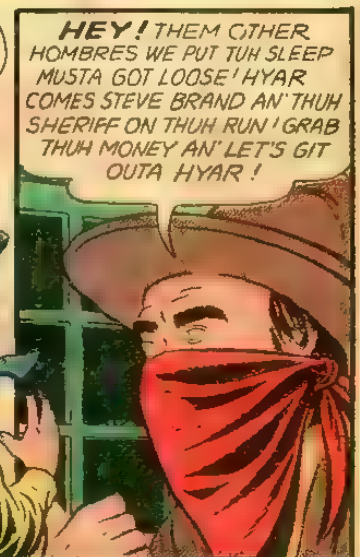
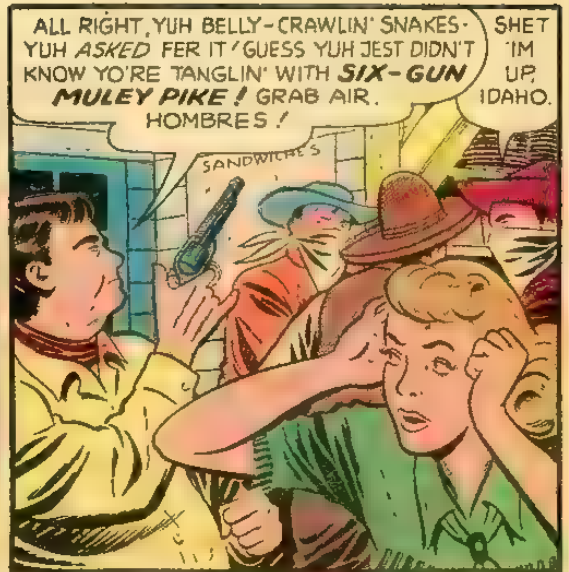
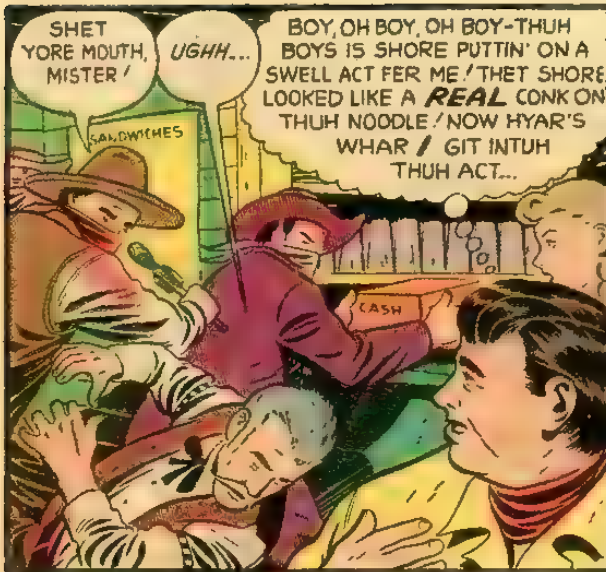
ALL RIGHT, HOMBRES -
REACH! AN THET GOES
FER THUH DAME, TOO!

IT'S A
**HOLD
UP!**

YUH
LOWDOWN
VARMINTS!



THE DURANGO KID



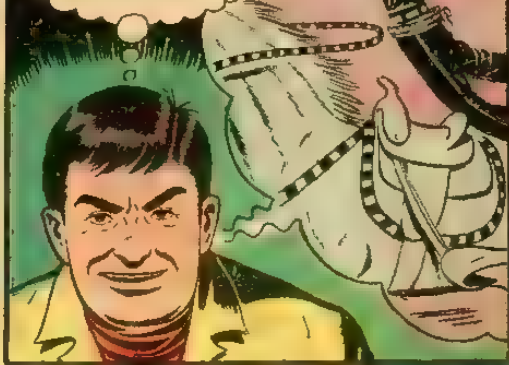
LATER - AS THE ESCAPED OWLHOOTS MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH A DEEP WOOD - - -

HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW! WOTTA STEAL! THIS DUMB RANNIHAN SETS UP A PHONY ROBBERY TUH MAKE A SHOWIN' WITH HIS GAL - AN' **WE** CRASH THUH SHOW! **HAW-HAW!**

MULEY PIKE, I'LL NEVER NEVER FORGIVE YUH- EF WE (**GULP**) GIT OUTA THIS ALIVE!



GOLLY, I **AM** IN A FIX. WHUT WOULD DURANGO DO? I REMEMBER ONCT I SAW 'IM JUMP INTUH A TREE AN'... **HEY, MEBBE I KIN SHOW MILLY I'M A HERO YET!**



I'LL JUMP INTUH THIS TREE AN' THEN DIVE ON'EM AN'...

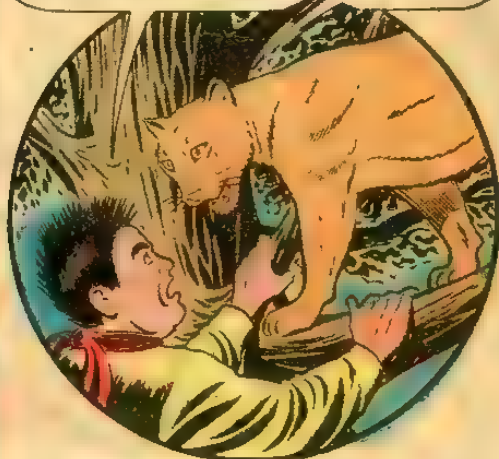
HEY- WHUT IN BLAZES IS THET FOOL DOIN'?

MULEY! COME BACK!



I'LL DIVE ON 'EM AN' GIT THEIR GUNS AN'... **A MOUNTAIN LION!**

AWR-R-R-R!



I GOTTA GIT OUTA HYAR! **YIIIIII!**

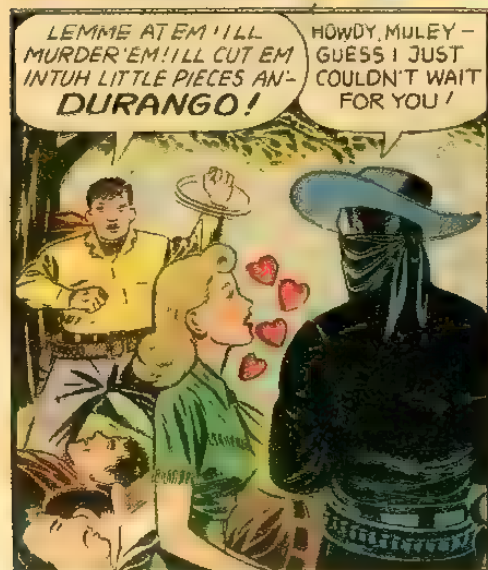
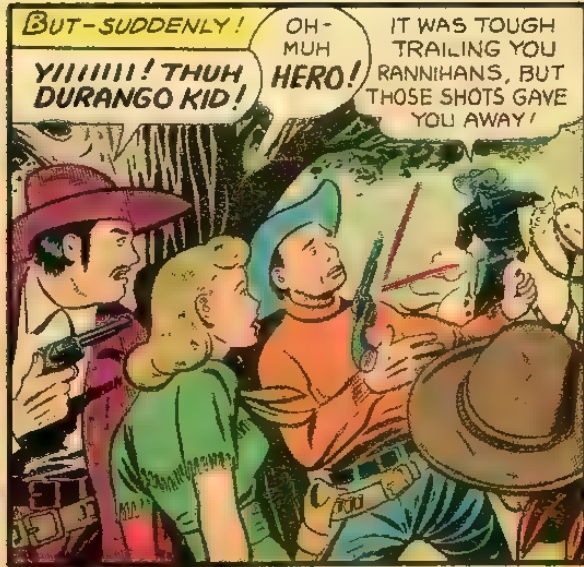
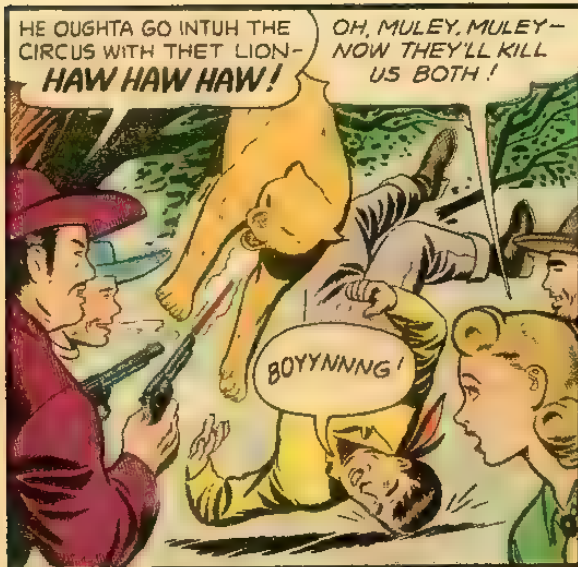


HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN THAT BRANCH!

I'LL GIT THE LION, DAKOTA-YOU SHOOT FER THUH BRANCH AN' WE'LL GIT THAT CLOWN DOWN IN A HURRY!



THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand and Tipi

WALLS HAD EARS, WINDOWS HAD EYES, AND TERROR LURKED AROUND THE CORNER, IN BRITISH-OCCUPIED PHILADELPHIA! DAN BRAND AND TITI-FIGHTING TO SAVE THE REVOLUTION—PROBE INTO THIS ENEMY-HELD CITY TO FIND ROMANCE FLIRTING WITH DANGER, AND SPYING ON DEATH IN THE LONG—

"DANGEROUS NIGHT"

Fred Mencher



A SIMPLE STABLE HIDES THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECRET UNDERCOVER FORCES OF THE REBEL ARMY...

DAN BRAND! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU AND TITI GET THROUGH THE LINES?

WE'VE BEEN SENT BY GENERAL WASHINGTON! WHERE ARE THOSE BRITISH BATTLEPLANS YOU PROMISED TO SEND?

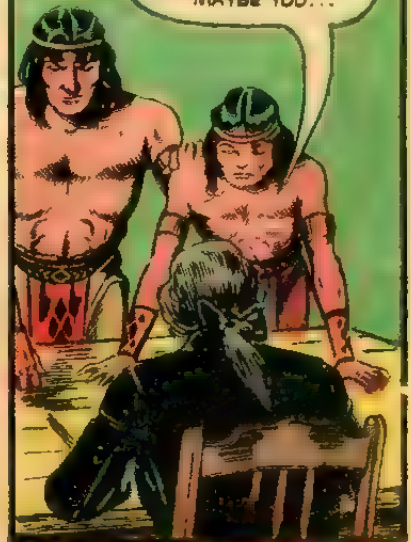


I WISH I KNEW, DAN—I WISH I KNEW! WE'VE GOT ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS—"THE FOX"—ON THE JOB, BUT WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM "THE FOX" FOR A WEEK NOW!

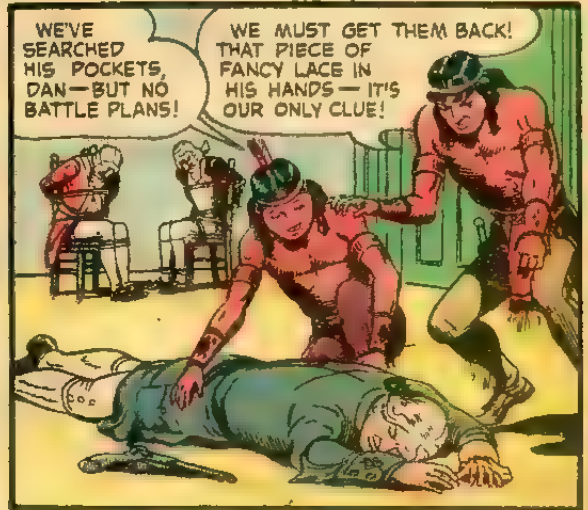
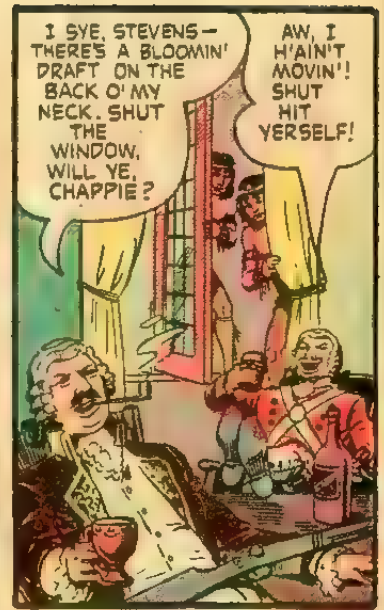
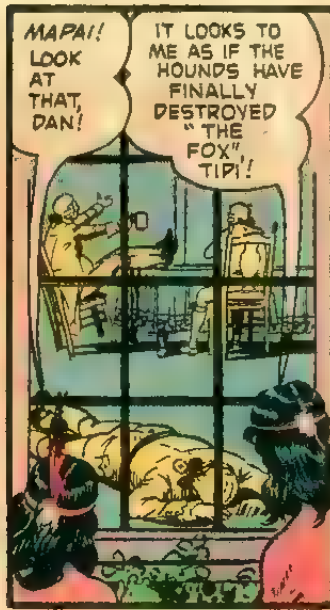


WHERE DOES THIS "FOX" OPERATE FROM?

FROM THE BLUE BOAR INN, BUT THE BRITISH SUSPECT SOMETHING AND THEY'RE WATCHING IT NIGHT AND DAY. THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T INVESTIGATE. BUT MAYBE YOU...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



WE CAN REACH THOSE TREES FROM THIS BALCONY AND THEN...



OHHH! ?

A WOMAN! DON'T LET HER SCREAM!



I WON'T!... SORRY, MISS, FOR THE ROUGH TREATMENT— BUT WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES. LET'S GET HER INSIDE, TÍPI, AND...



DAN BRAND!

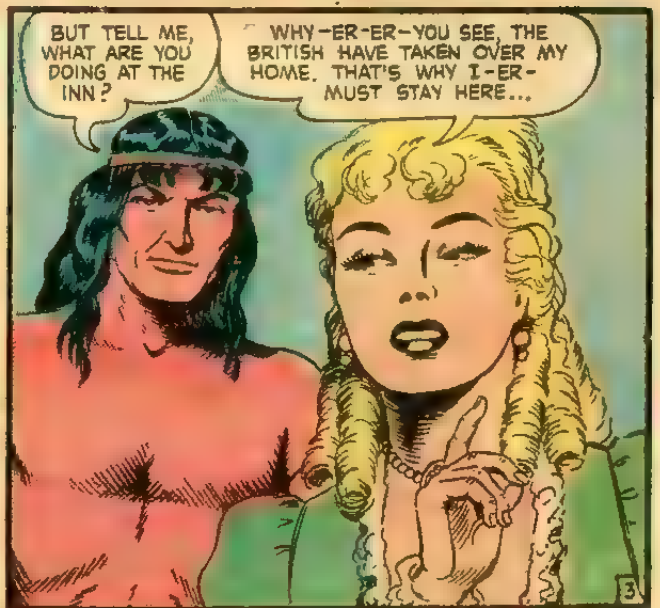
LINDA LA BLANCHE!



OH, DAN—IT'S—IT'S BEEN SO LONG!... WHY, WE USED TO PLAY TOGETHER AS CHILDREN. I KEPT HOPING THAT— AFTER YOUR GREAT TRAGEDY WAS FORGOTTEN — YOU'D GIVE UP THE LIFE OF THE WILDS AND COME BACK...

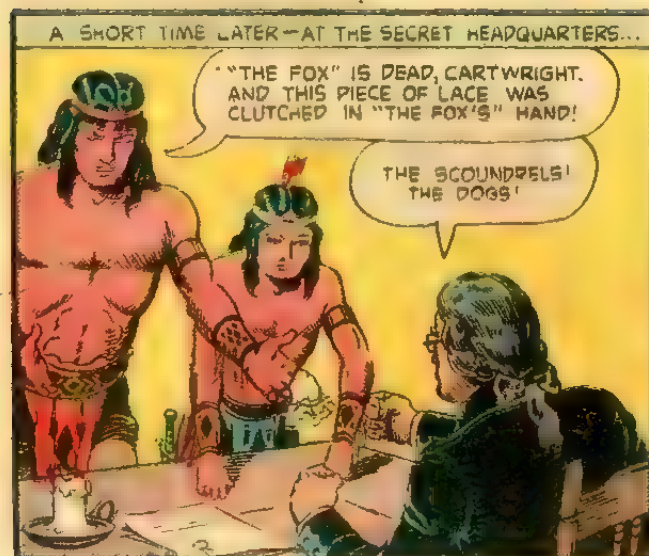
YOU—YOU'VE GROWN VERY BEAUTIFUL, LINDA.

HUMPH!



BUT TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THE INN?

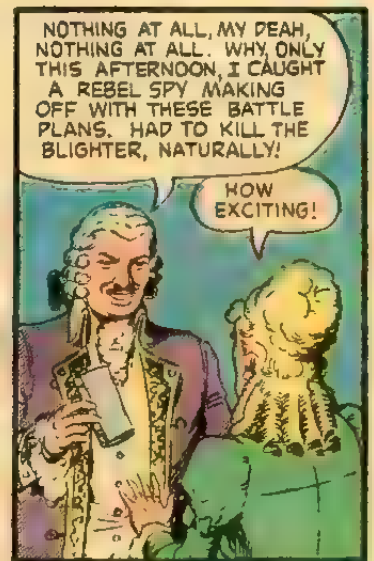
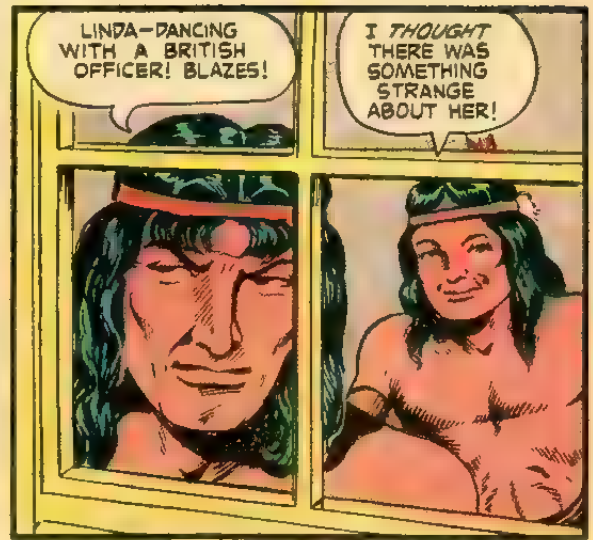
WHY—ER—ER—YOU SEE, THE BRITISH HAVE TAKEN OVER MY HOME. THAT'S WHY I—ER— MUST STAY HERE...



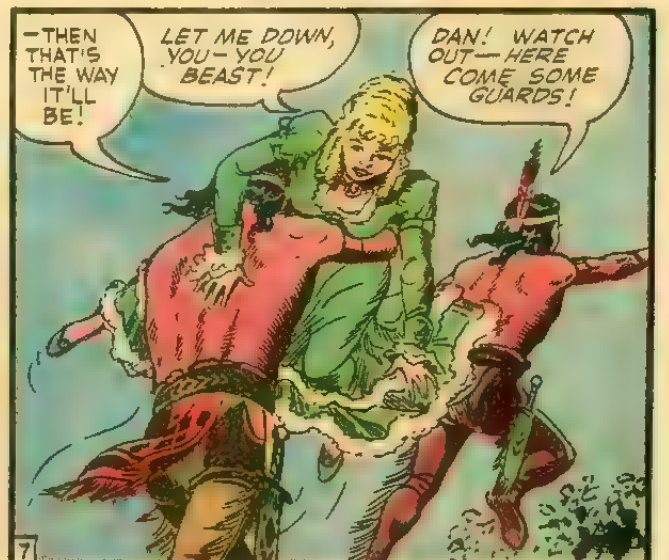
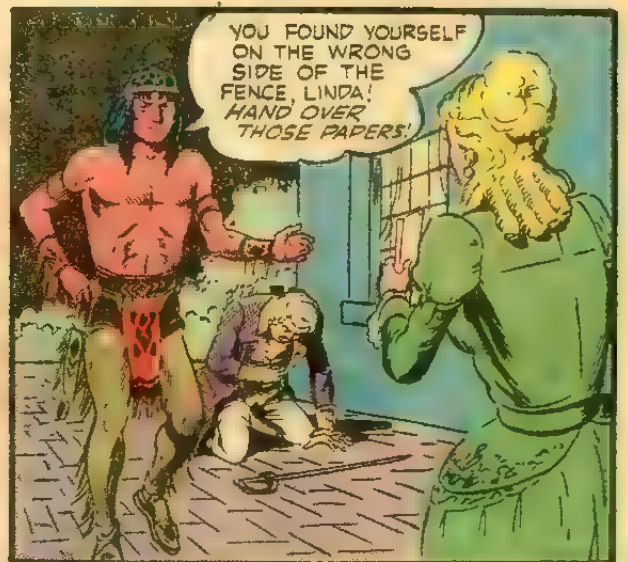
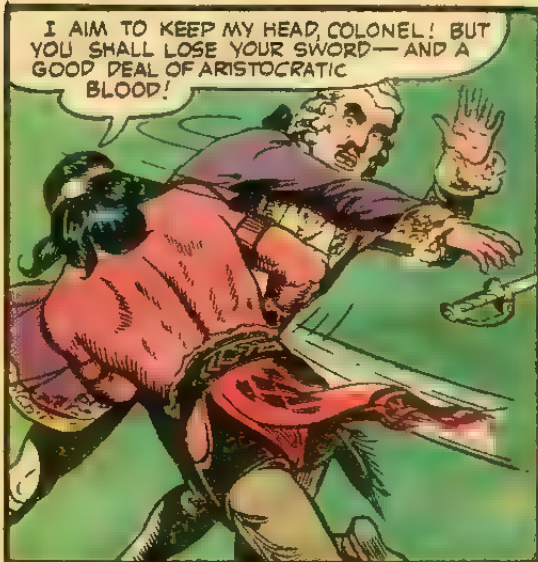
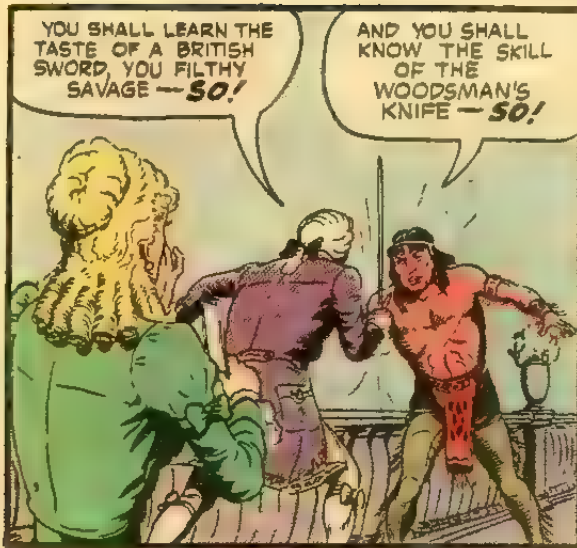
THE DURANGO KID



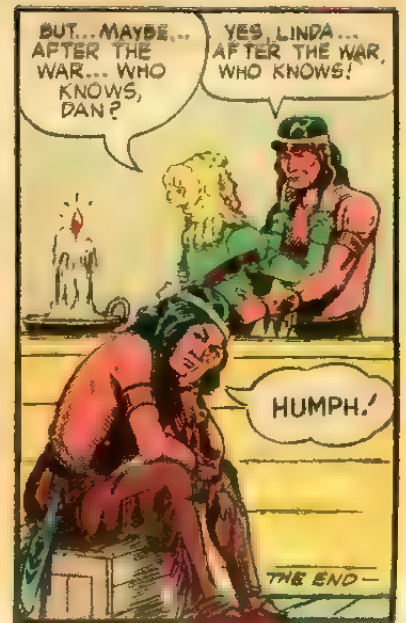
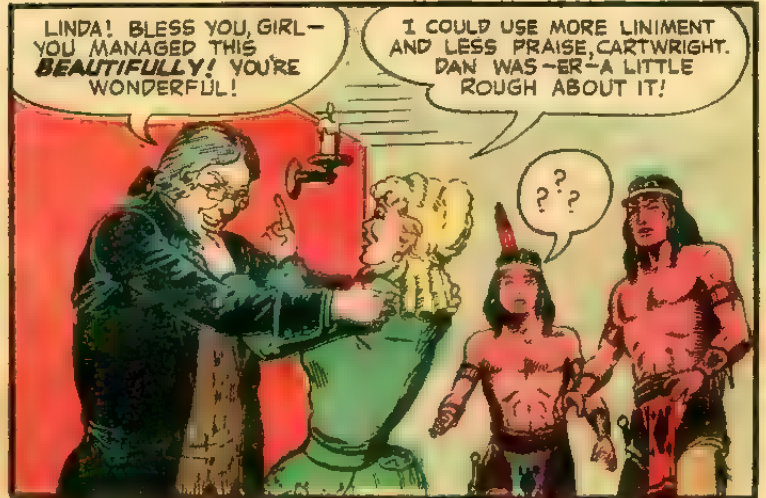
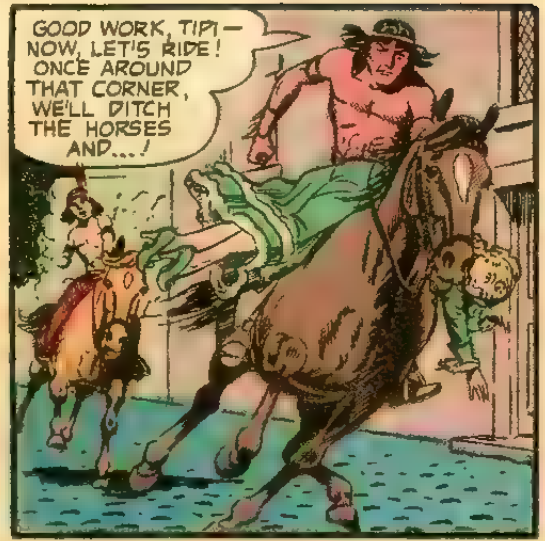
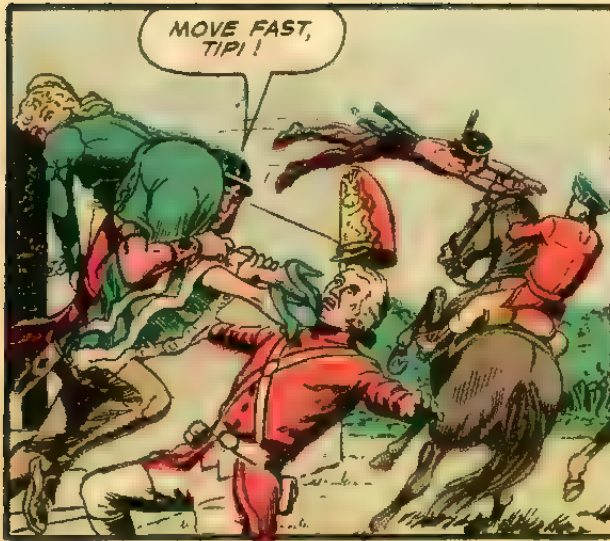
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE END—



THE WOLF

SLOWLY the great herd moved southward. The shaggy beasts were moving down from the howling winds and the sharp, biting snows into the sunny southlands, where the heat was pleasant and the long days could be used for browsing. There were thousands and thousands of buffalo, moving easily and steadily along the mile-wide trail, behind the short, sharp horns of the huge old bull leader.

At the flank of the moving mass ran young Greysides. His legs were strong with muscle, and the mighty hump above his shoulders was already bristling with curly brown hairs. He was but a few months over one year old, yet, with the quick maturity of all wild things, his body was already big and strong. Gone were the wobbly legs and the scrawny neck. Now his mane was much like that of the old bull leader, a dark mat of bristly hair growing all around his curving horns.

In another few years, Greysides would be ready to challenge the bull leader for the leadership of the mighty herd. Now he was just a young buffalo with strength—and not much wisdom.

For Greysides liked to explore. Not the middle of the herd for him, rubbing sides and clicking horns with other buffalo all around him. He chose the flank, where his alert brown eyes could stare out wonderingly at the strange new world unfolding as the herd southered steadily. He saw a snarling bobcat running smoothly away from the thundering thousands; saw an Indian sitting his pony on a distant bluff, watching the herd approach; saw a slinking form that he knew intuitively to be an enemy, though Greysides had never seen a wolf before.

And then—in the midst of that placid, steady running—a screaming ululation lifted

the hackles at the base of Greysides' hump. The young buffalo snorted and increased his pace. A Cheyenne arrow thudded into the buffalo ahead of him. A feathered lance drove deep into another.

The herd was splitting, being divided by screaming, yelling Indians who waved blankets and lances while others charged in and out of the herd, bowstrings twanging.

Perhaps it was that same wanderlust in his soul that made him choose the flank of the herd that now drove Greysides upward from the flat stretch of sageland. He ran furiously, his short legs pistoning with a fury that made them blur with movement. Head down, eyes red with rage, Greysides ran on and on.

The yelling and the sharp arrows that bit and hurt were far behind, now. Greysides snorted and nodded his great head. There was an ache in his right shoulder, and another in his flank. Greysides knew that the things on the horses had made those aches by shooting little thin pieces of wood at him. He was vaguely surprised that anything so small could hurt so much; but being a wild thing, Greysides was used to pain.

The young buffalo lurched against an outcropping of rock. The rubbing of his thick skin against the stone drove one shaft free of his shoulder, and snapped off the other.

Greysides had lost much blood. He was weak. One of the arrows had gone deep. He trotted on, up along a winding trail between two sharp walls of a canyon path. Far behind and below him the Cheyennes were still riding with the fleeing herd, but Greysides had forgotten that. He moved onward, past shale-strewn canyon floors, and out across fields rich with bluebells.

For hours, Greysides ran. Occasionally he browsed, cropping at the grass. Once he

threw up his head warily, sniffing at the breeze that swept by him. There was a *man-smell* in the air!

Greysides thundered off, shaking the earth with his running. When the fierce excitement of his heart lessened, he stepped forward and stared down at a white man clad in buckskin leggings and a fur jacket who was patiently sliding a clamp-trap under some leaves and brush. Greysides watched him warily, not knowing the purpose of the trap, but realizing dimly within him that *man* was a dangerous animal.

Greysides snorted softly. He was weak and tired. He had lost much blood: too much for safety, he knew. The young buffalo turned his head—and froze rigidly.

Standing a hundred feet away, big and tawny in the fading daylight, was a wolf. It was the same wolf Greysides had seen from the flank of the herd, but Greysides did not know that. The wolf stared at Greysides steadily, and then his mouth opened and his red tongue ran out, and it seemed that he was laughing at Greysides.

Kipi-ti, the wolf, was a smart hunter. For years he had roamed the slopes of the Teton, and many a hare and squirrel had fallen to his crunching fangs. Once, long ago, Kipi-ti had tasted buffalo meat. But it had been so long ago, Kipi-ti could not remember its taste; could remember nothing except that it was—good.

Kipi-ti was hungry. The buffalo bull before him was young, not yet as strong and as formidable as he would be someday, if he lived. And the young buffalo bled from flank and shoulder. He was weak. Kipi-ti had followed him for a long time, and Kipi-ti was wise in such things. All he needed to do was trail the young bull, make him run and run, until those short legs buckled, until that hair-protected neck swung weakly—

It would be then that his white fangs would flash! He would leap and cut at those trembling legs, ham-stringing the young bull by severing the tendons of his legs with his teeth. Then, crippled and falling because of his ruined legs, the buffalo would lie helpless as Kipi-ti drove in for the kill!

Greysides grunted through his nostrils as he swung away from the rank wolf-smell. Head down, he raced down the sloping ledge of rock from which he had seen the man-thing set his traps. He tore away from the oncoming wolf, digging huge chunks of dirt with his sharp hooves.

It was close to sundown when Greysides

started his run. The lowering red sun sank further and further, and still the young buffalo ran. Now a faint dusk descended over the land, like a thin veil that presaged the approach of night's blackness.

Kipi-ti ran easily, always fifty to sixty feet behind the bull. He was fresh. Besides, the tired lurching of the young buffalo made his own body seem fresh and eager.

Finally, Greysides stopped running. He turned and lowered his head and his rage-red eyes sought out the big wolf. Greysides lowered his shaggy head so that the new moonlight caught at the curving white horns appearing from his massive skull. Horns down, Greysides charged!

Kipi-ti leaped aside just as that huge head swiped at his flanks. It was close. The young bull was quicker than Kipi-ti had thought! But the canny old wolf knew Greysides could not last much longer. Soon now, he would stand with-legs spread, his head lowered, his breath misting into silvery smoke puffed like gunshots from his flaring nostrils.

Greysides charged a second time. Either he was slower, or old Kipi-ti was more respectful, for he missed him by a foot. Greysides went thundering on, not stopping to turn and charge again. His red eyes told him that the wolf was far more agile than he. His only chance was to outrun him.

Again the young buffalo slammed his hooves at the ground in a steady run. Behind him, racing swiftly but easily, came Kipi-ti, red tongue lolling out as if laughing at Greysides' attempts to escape.

He was near exhaustion, now. He staggered and lurched crazily. But Greysides was moving past the stone ledge, beneath it, and he knew the wolf was following—

Tiiiiinggg!

That was the clamp-trap snapping shut on Kipi-ti's forefoot! The night air shivered to the raging snarl in the old wolf's throat. Greysides swung about and stood, head lowered, nostrils belching misty air. He was exhausted. He could not have run any more. But the memory of the man-thing and of the thing he had hidden in the brush had been strong. And Greysides had seen the fur coats such as Kipi-ti wore in the bag at the man's side. It had been a gamble, but Greysides had won. He would grow strong again, and overtake the herd.

Greysides moved off through the night, while behind him Kipi-ti crouched low and bit at the trap, and waited the coming of morning—and man. . . .

THE END

The DURANGO KID

FROM THE TALL TREE COUNTRY COMES A SAGA OF HARD-FISTED MEN AND A ROARING RIVER. NO PLACE FOR MERCY-THIS IS WHERE THE BIG MEN OF THE WILDERNESS BEND TO THE GRIM LAW OF THE JUNGLE! THE TREES ARE STUPENDOUS, THE MEN ARE STRONG, AND THE DURANGO KID IS SENSATIONAL IN...

"TERROR IN THE TIMBER!"

HOLD ON, BOYS-HOLD ON! HYAR COMES AN' HE'S GOT DYNAMITE!



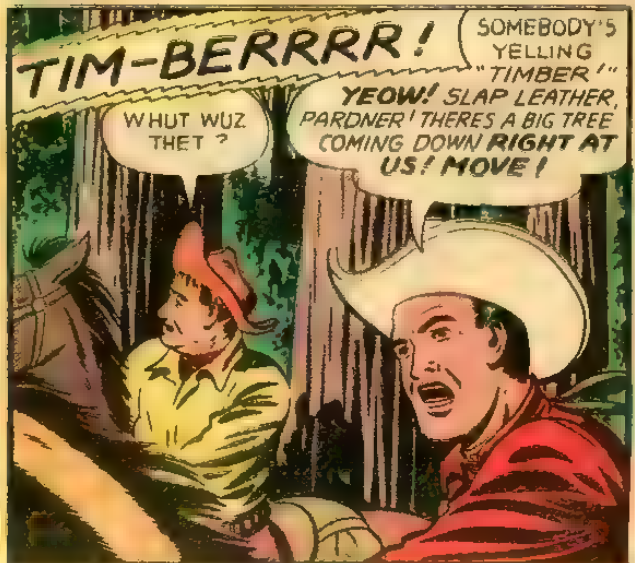
WELL, HERE WE ARE, PARDNER-THE TALL TREE COUNTRY!

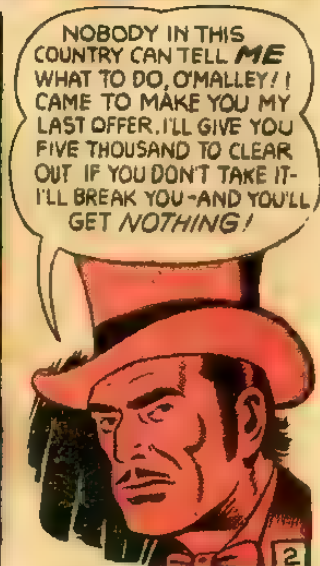
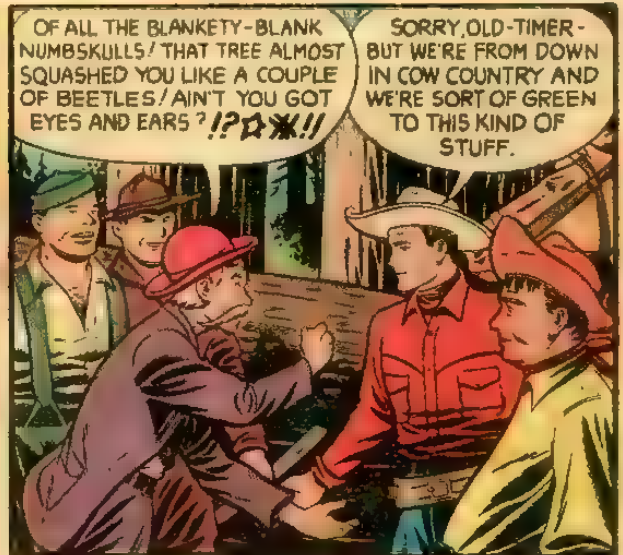
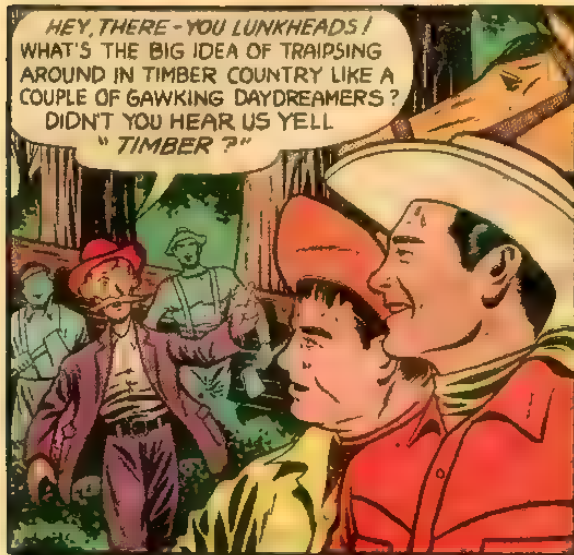
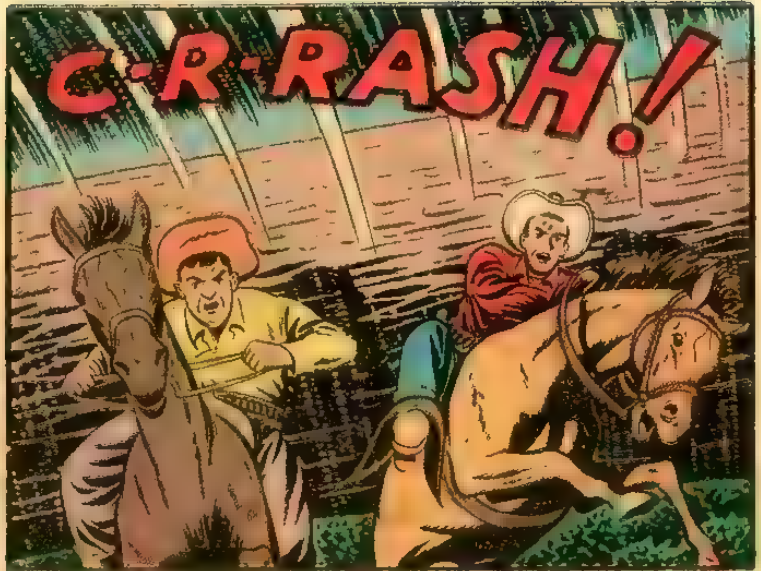
DAWG GONE INVIGORATIN'! YIPPEE-TWO WEEKS O' HUNTIN' AN' FISHIN'!



TIM-BERRRR! (SOMEBODY'S YELLING "TIMBER!")
YEOW! SLAP LEATHER, PARDNER! THERES A BIG TREE COMING DOWN RIGHT AT US! MOVE!

WHUT WUZ THET?





THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

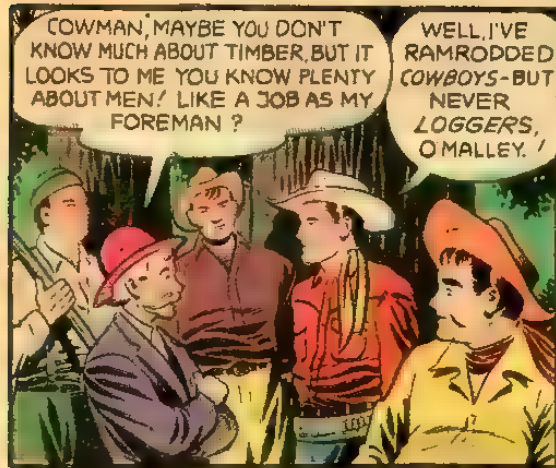
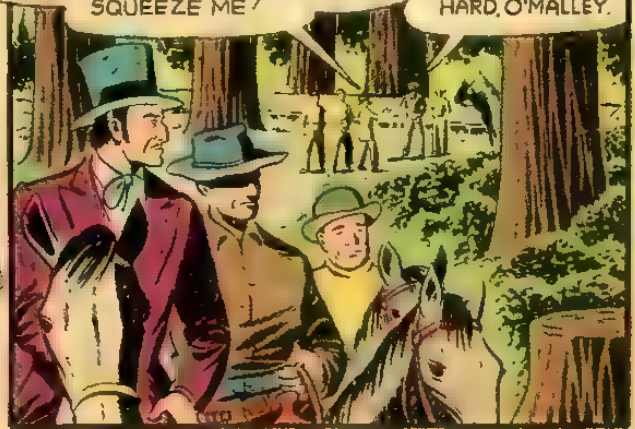


AND NOW GET OUT- LIKE O'MALLEY TOLD YOU TO!

I'LL *BUST* YOU, COWBOY- I'LL *BUST* YOU AND O'MALLEY, TOO!

YOU SURE STEPPED INTO SOME THING, COWMAN! CLYDE LESLIE OWNS THE BIGGEST TIMBER SYNDICATE AROUND HERE. HE MADE HIS WAY WITH HIS FISTS AND HIS MONEY. SQUEEZED MOST OF THE LITTLE GUYS OUT- THE WAY HE'S TRYING TO SQUEEZE ME!

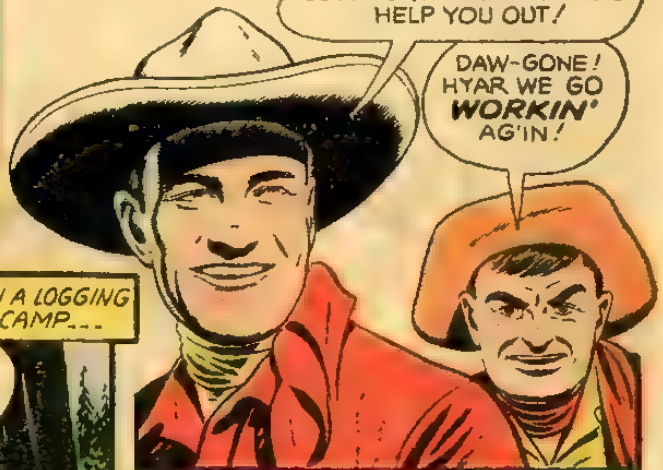
BIG MEN FALL HARD, O'MALLEY.



COWMAN, MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT TIMBER, BUT IT LOOKS TO ME YOU KNOW PLENTY ABOUT MEN! LIKE A JOB AS MY FOREMAN?

WELL, I'VE RAMRODDED COWBOYS- BUT NEVER LOGGERS, O'MALLEY!

...BUT I GUESS MEN ARE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME ANYWHERE. I'LL TAKE THE JOB, O'MALLEY- BUT JUST FOR A SHORT SPELL, TO HELP YOU OUT!



DAW-GONE! HYAR WE GO *WORKIN'* AG'IN!

AND SO- STEVE BRAND BECOMES *SEGUNDO* IN A LOGGING CAMP...

COME ON, YOU TIMBER-TICKLERS- RIDE THOSE AXES! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! HEY, MULEY- THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO! START CUTTING, COWBOY!



!#?%!!

BUT- A FEW DAYS LATER...

IT'S NO USE, STEVE. WE CAN'T GET ANY BUYERS. LESLIE'S *UNDERCUT* PRICES AND TAKEN ALL BIDS. WE'LL GO BROKE IF *WE* SELL AT THOSE PRICES- ALL THE SMALL OPERATORS LIKE ME... LOOKS LIKE THE END!



THE DURANGO KID

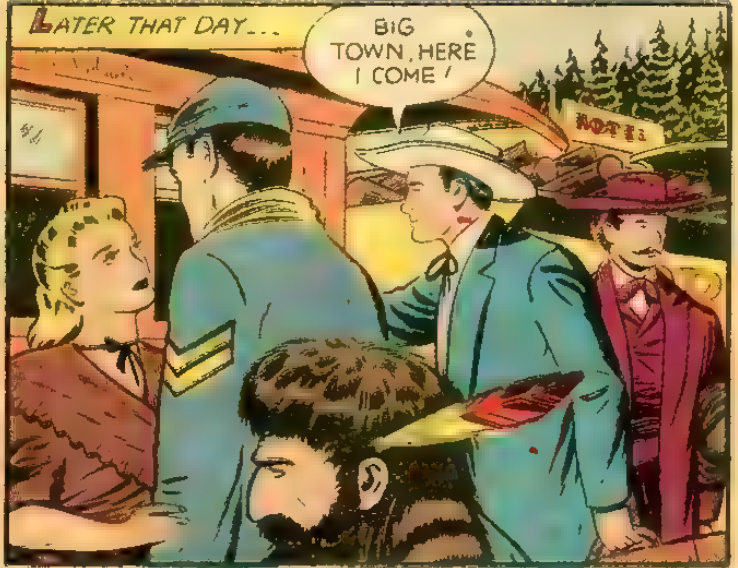
BUT STEVE GETS AN IDEA. HE TAKES MULEY ASIDE AND...

NOW LISTEN CLOSELY, MULEY I'M GOING AWAY - AND I'LL BE GONE FOR A WHILE. I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP ALL THE SMALL OPERATORS LIKE O'MALLEY AND HAVE 'EM HERE FOR A MEETING THREE DAYS FROM NOW AT NOON...



LATER THAT DAY...

BIG TOWN, HERE I COME!



AND FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS...

I TELL YOU WE'LL UNDERSELL EVEN CLYDE LESLIE!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, STEVE.

THAT'S OUR SPECIAL PRICE FOR APEX MILLS. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

OKAY - IF YOU'LL PUT UP A FORFEIT AGAINST DELIVERY! YOU'RE SOME BUSINESS MAN STEVE - HOW'D YOU LIKE A JOB WITH ME?

WELL, THE JOB IS DONE, NOW BACK TO TIMBER COUNTRY!



THIS ISN'T THE REGULATION WAY TO GET OFF A TRAIN - BUT MY DURANGO HIDEOUT IS RIGHT NEAR HERE!

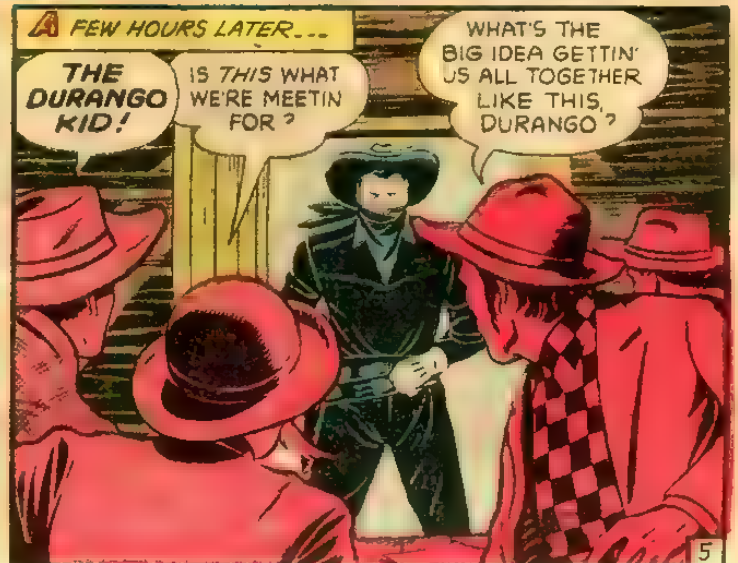


A FEW HOURS LATER...

THE DURANGO KID!

IS THIS WHAT WE'RE MEETIN' FOR?

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA GETTIN' US ALL TOGETHER LIKE THIS, DURANGO?



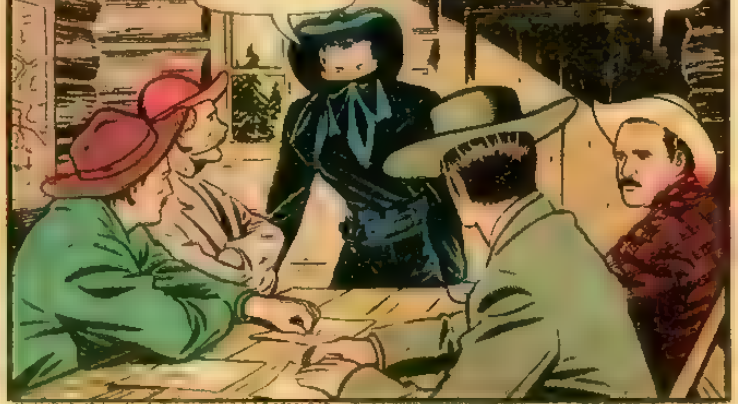
THE DURANGO KID

LISTEN TO ME, MEN. STEVE BRAND IS IN THE BIG CITY, LINING UP CONTRACTS FOR YOU. HE'S OFFERING TO UNDERSELL LESLIE!

US SMALL OPERATORS **CAN'T** SELL AT THAT PRICE, DURANGO! WE'LL BE RUINED!

SURE YOU CAN! BUT - WE'LL HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER! WE JOIN FORCES, CUT TREES TOGETHER, SELL COOPERATIVELY, FLOAT'EM DOWN THE RIVER TOGETHER. THAT'LL CUT HALF OUR EXPENSES! I'LL STAY AROUND TO GUARD AGAINST DIRTY PLAY!

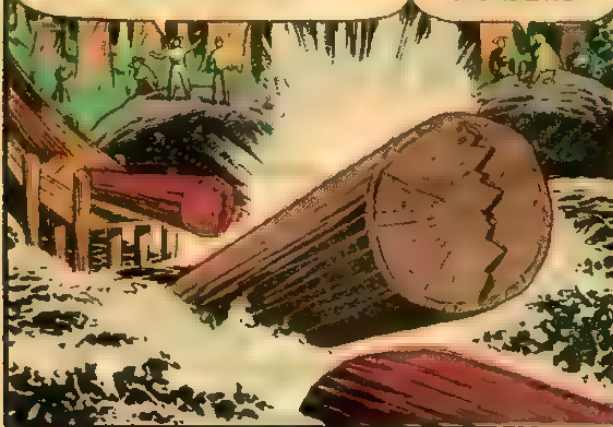
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT BEFORE? MAKES SENSE, HUH?



SMALLEY AND THE OTHER SMALL TIMBER MEN QUICKLY ACCEPT THE PLAN AND...

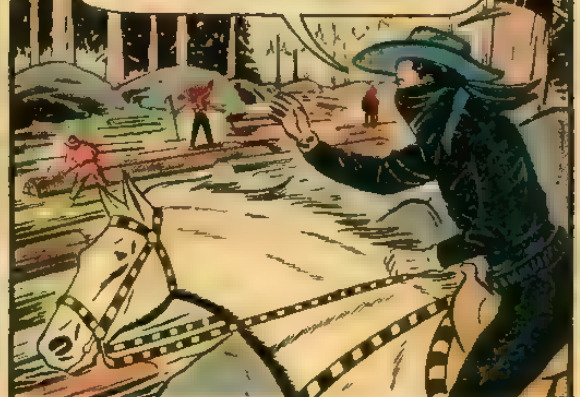
HOORAY! TIMBER'S CUT AN' GOIN' DOWN TH' RIVER!

RIDE THEM LOGS, TIMBER-TICKLERS!



AND SOON...

NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE - MEN WORKING TOGETHER, INSTEAD OF CUTTING EACHOTHER'S THROATS! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT SLY FOURFLUSHERS LIKE LESLIE - AND A LOT OF OTHERS LIKE HIM!



BUT CLYDE LESLIE HAS PLANS, TOO! AROUND THE NEXT RIVER BEND...

WE'VE FIXED UNDERWATER SNAGS. THOSE LOGS ARE GOING TO JAM RIGHT HERE. IT'S UP TO YOU BOYS TO SEE THAT THEY NEVER UNTANGLE THAT JAM - GET IT?

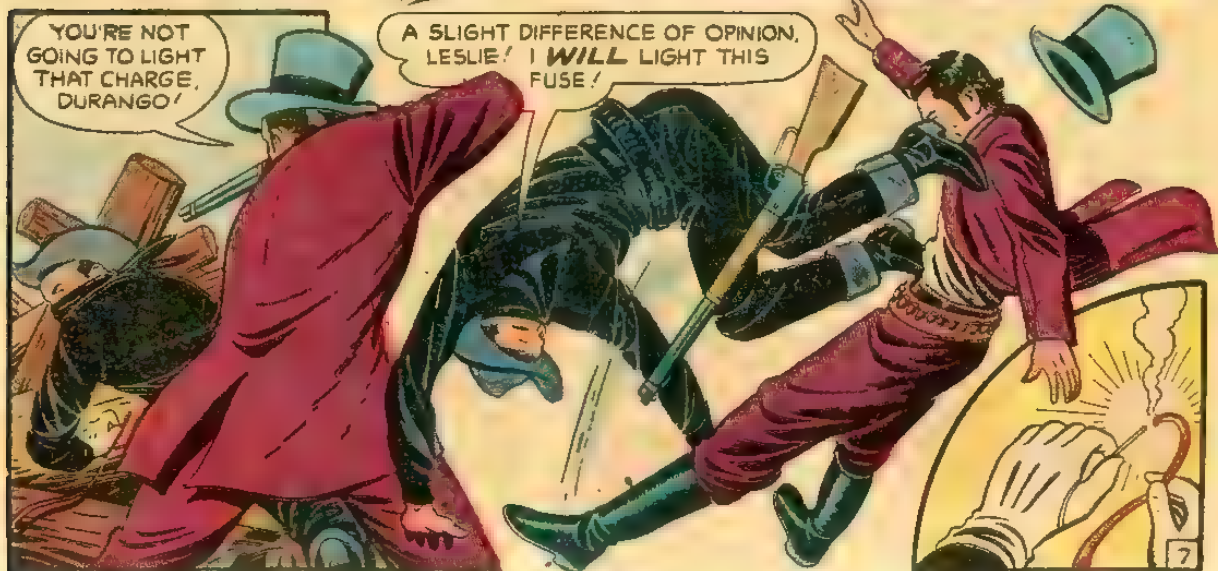
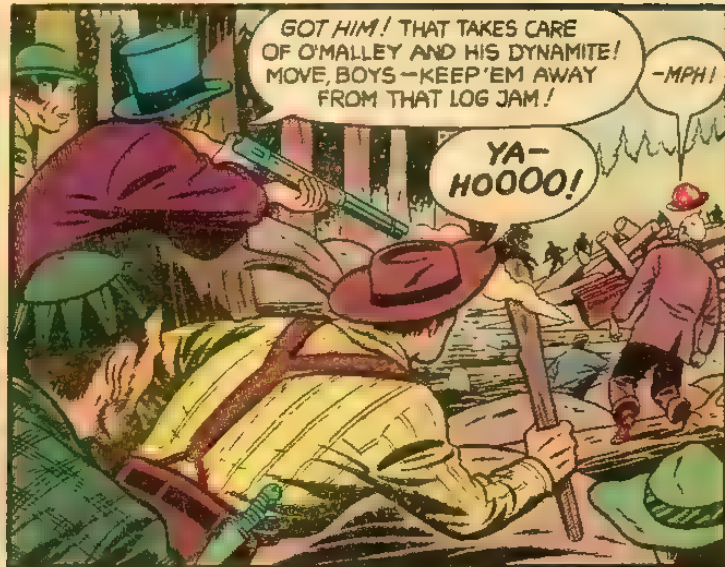
WE GOT IT, BOSS! THEY'LL GO BROKE IF THEY DON'T GET THEIR TIMBER TO THE MILLS!



HEY - IT'S JAMMIN' UP! LOGJAM! LOGJAM!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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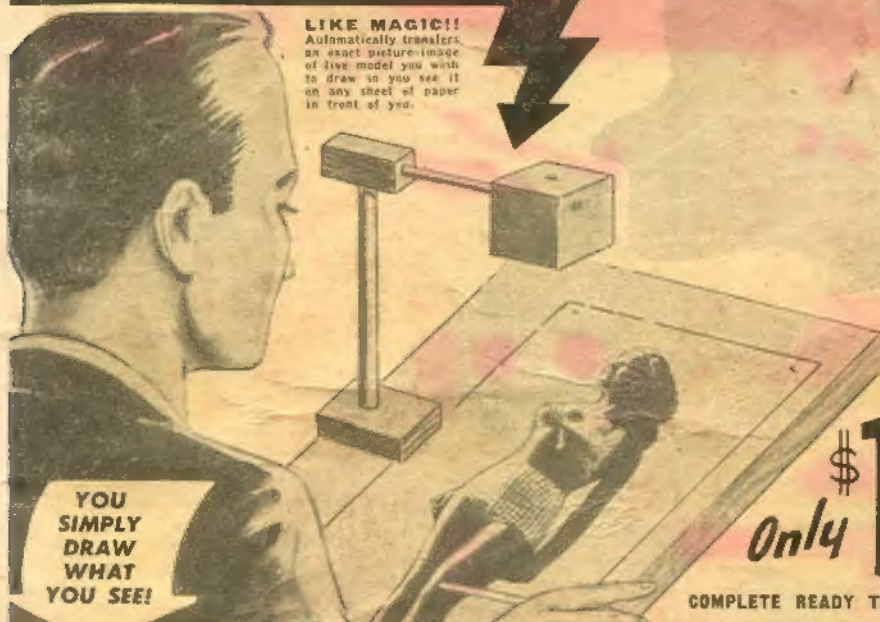
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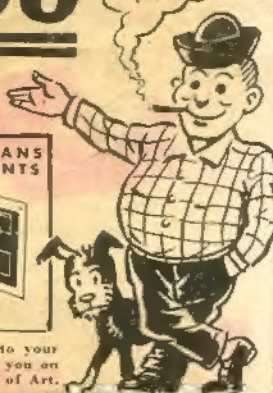


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